584.
1.

A DREAM:

OR,

The Force of Fancy.

A

POEM,

CONTAINING

CHARACTERS

OF THE

Company now at the *BATH.*

With a KEY Incſrted.

——*Mens ſine pondere ludit*
Nec ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus——

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A

DREAM:

OR,

The Force of Fancy, &c.

—'TWas now High Noon,
The *Sun* in all his warmer Glories ſhone;
When fainting under the Illuſtrious Day,
I ſought a Shade and there ſupinely lay.
My Head repos'd upon an Ancient Stone
With downy venerable *Moſs* o'ergrown;
My wearied Limbs on verdant Turf were ſpread,
Soft as the *Perſian* Monarch's Silken Bed;
Woodbines and pliant *Oſiers* o'er me twine,
Exclude the *Heat*, in cloſe Embraces joyn,
And Form a Fragrant Arch. Near *Avon*'s Streams
This Arbour ſtands: Its Situation ſeems
Sacred to Lovers Tales, and Poets eaſie Dreams.
Stretcht as I was; the Quiet of the Place,
The Songs of Birds, and the Deep Murmuring Baſe

Of Waters falling with their distant Noise,
Conspir'd to draw sweet Slumber o'er my Eyes.
When lo! methoughts, descending from above,
Forth from a stately Pile and sacred Grove,
A numerous Crowd approacht this silent Bower,
With Smiles intruding on my private Hour.
Down a Green Walk where Nightly Fairies Dance,
The Beauteous Throng with easie steps advance.

(a) *Julia* Good Humour'd, yet Majestic too,
In her full Bloom, first met my Fancied view;
The Noble Dame, for highest Honours Born,
The well-plac'd Coronet do's so well adorn,
That when with Circling Gold her Brow it binds,
With double Lustre it unenvi'd shines.
On youthful (b) *Amoret* she lean'd her Arm
Familiar; *Am'ret* in whom every Charm
To Nature purely owing, shows alone
How Great they be when Centering in *One*.
They turn'd and Vanisht. Strait with pleasing Grace
Serene (c) *Villaria* mov'd up in their place;
Such Modesty adorns the Noble Maid,
That all must Love where none can be afraid.
Happy (d) *Aruncius* in so true a choice,
Where Woman's Look speaks in so mild a Voice.

(a) *Dutchess of* Norfolk. (b) *Mrs.* Tempest.
(c) *Mrs.* Villars. (d) *Mr.* Cawfield.

Thus

Thus while I thought the *Humbly Great* was gone,
Divine (*e*) *Erminia* and her Friend came on.
Tho' in her Veins Patrician Purple flows,
A private Gentleman *Erminia* choſe.
Propitious Hymen, when he gave the Fair,
O (*f*) *Cleon*! anſwer'd thy Ambitious Pray'r;
Unleſs thou pray'dſt for more than can by Heav'n
In one Fine Woman to the World be giv'n.

Her Friend the Conſort of a (*g*) Martial Lord
(Conſiders Friendſhip as a Sacred word)
Whilſt he buys Fame with Danger in the Field,
Heav'n to her Pray'rs muſt for his ſafety yield;
Nor can the Camp or Court with Juſtice boaſt
A Braver Hero, or a Brighter Toaſt.

Thee pretty (*h*) *Caledonia* I admire;
Thy Humour's Free; and a well-cheriſht Fire
Seems in thy Cheeks at ſudden Fits to glow,
And ſay *that* Cupid's *is a certain Bow.*

You Noble (*i*) *Zeuzea* next in Grandeur ſhine,
Well-made and Stately as a lofty *Pine*,
Which o'er the Foreſt rears its tow'ring head,
Adorn'd with Silver Leaves, and widely ſpread.

(*e*) *Mrs.* Herne. (*f*) *Mr.* Herne. (*g*) *Lord and Lady* Falkland. (*h*) *Lady* Shaw. (*i*) *Mrs.* Noel.

Thy

Thy lovely Eye, bright (*k*) *Deſdemona*, ſhows
As Diamonds Brilliant, Black as ripening Sloes;
Nor can I better their vaſt power expreſs,
Than, *that thy own Fair Sex their Charms confeſs.*

In the (*l*) *Syrinna's*, Wit, it ſelf diſplays;
Wit and Good Nature's their peculiar Praiſe;
Theſe with their Native Charms their Fame ſecure;
When others Dreſs, they Unadorn'd allure.

Tho' with no awful Port (*m*) *Lariſſa* ſways;
Yet can ſhe Pleaſe Ten Thouſand different ways.
A Generous Freedom ſurer Love will gain,
Than *Quality* to be Rever'd with Pain:
Cupid himſelf's but Little; yet his Power
Surmounts Great *Jove's*; for he's *Jove's* Conqueror.

The Lov'd (*n*) *Corinthia* to my view ſucceeds;
Tho' wounded by her Eyes, (*o*) *Hydaſpo* bleeds,
She knows, and ſees him with a careleſs Air;
Ah! luckleſs Boy! She's Cruel as ſhe's Fair!
I whiſper'd this; with red'ning Looks ſhe burn'd,
And, much offended, from the Arbor turn'd.

(*k*) *Mrs.* Mondy. (*l*) *The two Mrs.* Harcourts.
(*m*) *Mrs.* Reynoldſon. (*n*) *Mrs.* Levett. (*o*) *Capt.* Derby.

As the enliv'ning Sun, with chearful Ray,
Relieves poor Shepherds in ſome Gloomy Day,
When big with Rain the black'ning Clouds appear;
And threaten to let fall the Storms they bear,
Thy Image, Fair (*p*) *Aſpaſia*, brought ſuch Joy
To me as they receive. Thy Charms employ
Each fixt Beholder's Thought, who ſoon deſcries
A ſweet peculiar Languor in thy Eyes:
Thy conſtant Looks ſo much good Humour tell,
That others brighteſt Smiles ſcarce pleaſe ſo well.
Thrice happy (*q*) *Phaon!* of ſuch Charms poſſeſt;
If Woman can, She ſure muſt make Thee bleſt.

(*r*) *Pollia*, with a Juſt Symmetry of Parts,
Attracts the Eyes, and then ſecures our Hearts.
Nor do's her Beauty fairer play require,
Than a Nice Judge to Cenſure or Admire.

Thy pure Complexion, Fair (*ſ*) *Paſtora* knows
No Rival Lilly; the freſh op'ning Roſe
Thy bluſhing Charms do's much ſuperior own;
Oft forc'd to Colour, yet thou ſcorn'ſt to Frown:
Such Innocence thy Infant Charms adorn,
Tender as *April* Flowers, and Lovely as the Morn.

(*p*) *Mrs.* Boyle. (*q*) *Mr.* Boyle. (*r*) *Mrs.* Pontic.
(*ſ*) *Mrs.* Hayes.

When

When this Fair Creature, from my Eager View,
Her ſelf laſt Object of my Thoughts withdrew,
Concern'd to loſe what I ſo much admir'd,
My Roving Spirits to their Seats retir'd.

I walk'd, I ſtar'd, and fretted to perceive
How much I cou'd my ſelf, my ſelf deceive.

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